Omeler Hall

The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Baby Died To-day.

LAY the little limbs out straight;
Gently tend the sacred clay;
Sorrow-shaded is our fate,—
Baby died to-day!

Fold the hands across the breast,
So, as when he knelt to pray;
Leave him to his dreamless rest,
Baby died to-day!

Voice, whose prattling infant love
Was the music of our way,
Now is hushed forevermore,—
Baby died to-day!

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams
Made our waking moments gay,
Now can shine but in our dreams,
Baby died to-day!

Still a smile is on his face,
But it lacks the joyous play
Of the one we used to trace—
Baby died to-day!

Give his lips your latest kiss,
Dry your eyes, and come away!
In a happier world than this
Baby lives to-day!

Baby Arithmetic.

ROSEBUD, dainty and fair to see.
Flower of the whole round world to me,
Come this way on your dancing feet—
Say, how much do you love me, sweet?

Red little mouth drawn gravely down,
White brow wearing a puzzled frown,
Wise little baby Rose is she,
Trying to measure her love for me.

"I love you all the day and the night,
All the dark and the sunshine bright,
Over the tops of the mountains high,
All the world, way up to the sky."

Emily Huntington Miller.

For the Myrtle.

The Lost Child.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

II.

"WHERE is Hattie?" said the mother in alarm.

"Where can she be?" said Aunt Martha.

Mrs. Delano ran up the street, Aunt Martha ran down the street, but could see nothing of her. Then they crossed the street, which was crowded with carriages at this hour, thinking that she might have run across to the other side. Up and down the street they ran, the one going one way, the other the other, but no Hattie was to be seen.

"Oh my child! my child! I have lost my child," Mrs. Delano cried in a voice of distress, which arrested the attention of the people who were hurrying by.

Many stopped to sympathize, and many joined in the search. Mrs. Delano was too agitated to

be of any farther service. She ran hither and thither, wringing her hands and crying,

"My child! my child! Oh, I have lost my child!"

Aunt Martha was more calm, and was able to describe the child, and tell her name, so that those who were seeking her could do it in a way to make their search avail. All the shops that were near were searched, with the thought that she might have run into one of them. But the search was fruitless.

The mother become more and more desperate as she watched each disappointed face coming from the shops without the child. Her shrieks and cries startled all who heard them, and a great crowd were soon assembled at the place. The policemen came in numbers, and took the case into their hands.

"It is evident," said the chief of police, "that the child has been stolen. She could not go up into the air, and the earth did not open to swallow her."

"Then every building near here should be searched," said policeman No. 2.

This suggestion was carried out. All the shopkeepers in that part of the street, and all people who lived near in other streets were very willing to have their houses searched, and the police did their work thoroughly.

But it was of no avail. The child was not in any of these places. The city criers were sent out in every direction, and that dreadful sound, "Lost child! Lost child!" rang through all the streets.

Mrs. Delano was carried home almost a maniac, so wild was her grief. She accused herself of carelessness, in permitting the child to get of her sight for an instant.

"Oh, why did I turn away from her? Why did I leave the dear little innocent to fall into wicked hands? Oh, my child, my child! My darling Hattie! Where has she gone? Who has carried her away? Oh my child, my child!"

And with wild shrieks she would lose her consciousness and forget her misery for a few moments in fainting. But the agony was only more intense when she came back to life again, and realized anew that her darling was gone.

The search for Hattie was continued vigorously. Nothing was left undone that the police knew how to do. Aunt Martha kept messengers running to the police head-quarters, and waited their return each time with terrible anxiety.

It was an hour after the child was lost, before Mr. Delano returned to his home. When he came, he ran lightly up the steps without a suspicion of the dreadful news that was awaiting him within. On the street he had heard the cry "Lost Child," and thought to himself, "People are very careless to allow little children to run alone on the streets of a crowded city. My darling went out with her mother and aunty and trouble cannot have come to her, when she was so well protected.'

While this thought was passing through his mind, he reached his home, and opened the door, to find the air heavy with sorrow.

Aunt Martha was waiting him in the parlor. Mrs. Delano had been carried to her room where the family physician and friends were doing all they could to relieve her suffering. As soon as Mr. Delano saw his sister's face he knew that serious trouble had befallen the house.

"What has happened?" he asked, without waiting for her to speak.

Aunt Martha clasped his hands in hers, and for a moment was unable to reply.

"Tell me, Martha," Mr. Delano repeated. "Tell me what has happened."

At last in a whisper Aunt Martha said the word "Hattie."

"Where is she? Tell me quickly what has happened," said the now agitated father.

Aunt Martha was silent. It seemed as if her lips refused to utter the terrible truth.

"Is she dead?"

"No."

"Has she been hurt?"

"No—I do not know. She may be hurt—or dead—we do not know."

"Is *she* the 'lost child' that the criers are crying in the street?"

"Yes, Charles."

He drew his hands violently from Aunt Martha's, and rushed toward the door. Then he turned back as if remembering how helpless he must be to search for her without knowing more about it, and said hastily,

"Where? How did it happen? How long has she been gone?"

"About an hour ago, as we were returning from our walk, we stopped to look into a shop window, and when we turned back to the street, Hattie was gone."

"Gone? Where could she go?"

"That we do not know, for every place in the vicinity was searched, and we have not yet found her."

"Are the police at work?"

"Oh yes. They are doing their best."

"And what do they think of it?'

"That she was stolen by some one while we we were looking in at the shop window."

"Oh Martha, it was that foolish finery that she wore, that tempted some wicked thief to catch her up. in order that he or she might steal those trinkets."

"I am afraid it was. But oh, Charles, don't say this to the mother now, for she is nearly distracted with grief. and an unkind word would be a double dagger to her now."

"Where is she?"

"In her room."

"Do your best to comfort her, but I must go for Hattie."

"Do not go out again, Charles, without seeing her. She fears so much that you will blame her for the loss, that this fear much increases her distress. She will be calmer after she has seen you."

Mr. Delano ran up stairs for a moment, and then joined the crowd of searchers in the part of the city where the child was lost.

The hours wore on and no trace was found of her. Night came, a dreary, dreadful night, to those who were watching and waiting. All other children were gathered into sheltering homes, but Hattie was not found. and her mother's agony increased as the darkness fell over the city. The violence of her grief had abated, as her strength was exhausted, and she lay scarcely breathing, with low sobs only telling of her continued life and agony.

The long night wore away at last, and another day followed not less anxious or agonizing than the last, but Hattie was not yet found.

The morning papers had full accounts of the loss, and accurate description of the child, and now thousands of mothers and fathers were in sympathy with the parents of the "lost child." Mothers hugged their own darlings closer in their arms, and thanked heaven that the fearful shadow had been kept from their household. And with their thanksgiving they mingled a prayer for the mother whose arms were empty, and the father whose heart was breaking.

The day wore on and another night came, and yet no traces of Hattie. Hundreds of persons were searching. Everybody was vigilant, for they felt that the future safety of other children depended on this one's being found.

The following day was Sunday. Prayers were offered in the churches for the suffering family, and the eyes of the worshippers were wet with sympathetic tears.

"Has the child been found?" was the question that was asked a thousand times of the police by the excited people.

Near the close of the third day a cry was heard in the street, "She is found! She is found!"

Hundreds ran to prove with their eyes the truth of that report, and sure enough the lost darling was being borne in triumph to her home.

In a thieves' den in one of the lowest neighborhoods of the city, the child had been found. An old woman had stolen her in order to get the clothing and gold she wore, and was watching her opportunity to dispose of the child after the excitement and vigilance had abated.

I leave you all to imagine the joy that reigned in Mr. Delano's home, and we will take our leave, as did the crowd who accompanied her thither after they had seen the father hold her in his arms at the window, where all might catch a glimpse of her, and shouted their thanks with a heartiness of voice which only intense joy can give. *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

Watching One's Self.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us, 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle, I want to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"Ah! thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book. I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"'Indeed!' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did? and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we are watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others. *S. S. Visitor.*

For the Myrtle.

"Just for Fun."

STREAMLET dancing by
In the morning light,
Laughing merrily,
Sparkling bright.

Look into the stream,
What is that below?
Fishes glance and gleam
To and fro.

Fearlessly they come,
Joyously they play, —
What a happy home
Now have they!

Darting all about,
Glancing in the sun, —
Can you pull them out
Just for fun?

Nothing can you do
With the tiny things;
Not a meal for you
In twenty strings.

So much life and joy
Will you take away,
Cruelly destroy,
Just for play?

You can make them die, —
God has made them live.
What if you should try
Life to give?

God has placed them there
In their home, the stream.
He for you has care
And for them.

What is dear to God,
Suffering by you?
Ah, —put up the rod, —
Prize them too.

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

The Postman.

"WHAT is the postman's ring," cry the children, and there is a great scrambling to see which will get to the door first to take the letters. Why do you suppose we call him the postman? There is a reason for everything, you know, if we could only find it out.

Did we always have a man to come to the door and bring our letters to us? By no means; that is one of the "modern conveniences."

Neither have we had many years the swift steam-engine with its express trains and mail cars to carry our letters all over the country almost at lightning speed. Before that, they were carried at a slow pace in lumbering stages, and were handled over many times before they reached their destination. Then we could not get them carried as cheaply as now, since it was so much more work. What now goes for three cents and even for one, cost then ten or more.

But long before that we had not even stages. The mails were carried by a rider on horse-back, and his mail bags were saddle-bags carried across the horse's back. Across the plains and through the forests, with a road or without, the mail-carrier went from one post to another, making hearts glad wherever he went. A letter was a thing of importance in those days. No one would think of scrawling you two or three lines, simply to tell you about his health, or what he was going to do to-morrow. Postage was twenty-five cents and more, according to the distance. Those were the old fashioned days of good long letters and very few of them.

A post was a station where the rider was appointed to stop, as we sometimes say of an officer that he is "at his *post* of duty." So this bearer of letters was called the post-rider or post-man, or simply "the post" and the places where he left his letters and papers the post-office.

Before offices were established the post carried the letters to each man's door and delivered them; and in time of war he was sent to carry important despatches from one place to another with the greatest haste. Sometimes he was sent to spread news among the people, and merely rode through the town shouting as he galloped on, the tidings of the day. The telegraph does this sort of "posting" for us now.

These names have come down to us long after the thing itself has passed away. We still talk about "posting our letters" and sending them by "the post" though no "post" rides over the hills now to carry our letters with his own hands to our friends.

And the "postman" now, instead of being a gay rider in boots and spurs bringing our letter to the door on a gallop, and waiting to take a half-dollar for his trouble, walks briskly round a few squares from the post-office, with it in his hand-wallet, and perhaps tucks it under the door, and is off, without money or price. Three cents has brought our letter three thousand miles, swifter and safer than ever rider went from post to post.

H. A. B.

Doing and Being.

"There!" exclaimed Marion, fretfully, as she turned from the window, "the day is all gone, and I haven't done anything, I haven't done *anything*," she repeated, discontentedly; "and I meant to do so much."

"What have you done?" inquired Elizabeth, closing her work-basket. "Sit down, and tell me."

"Well," answered Marion, seating herself, "you know my day as well as I do. This morning I read three chapters in the Bible, as usual. I do want to get through it this year. Then I was gone an hour on that errand for father; then I wrote three letters, mended Tom's mittens, and corrected Nellie's composition; then mother called me to set the dinner table. After dinner I directed a magazine and two papers to your missionary; then — oh! Nellie's arithmetic — that took me an hour, she was so stupid; then father asked me to copy a deed for him, and then that tiresome Mrs. Green called, and I entertained her for an hour; and then — how little it all seems! — I went out to get sewing-silk for mother, and buy that ball I've been promising Georgie for a month; and now the man is lighting the gas over the way, and my day is gone! I can't help feeling dissatisfied; I haven't done anything good to-day."

Elizabeth was rocking lazily to and fro in her chair.

"You think a great deal about doing, don't you?"

"Yes, and so do you! You are always at work doing something."

"It's a good thing to be so. God gives us many things to do; but don't you think he gives us something to be, just as well?"

"Oh, yes," very quickly answered Marion. "Of course."

"May I speak plainly, Marion? "May I tell you all about your unsatisfying day?"

Marion sprang up and threw both arms about Elizabeth's neck, and said, "Yes, you may tell me; for 'faithful are the wounds of a friend.' Shoot me through and through, I will not even groan." Nevertheless Marion's lip trembled as she dropped down on the carpet at her friend's feet, and laid her head on her lap.

Before speaking, Elizabeth bent over to kiss her; "I've been thinking all day as I watched you that I would like to say this to you. I see that in trying to *do* what he commands, you forget to *be* what he commands. I know all about it. First, about reading the three chapters every day. How did you read them?"

"Hurried through the last," confessed Marion, "and I did look to see if it was short. I feel condemned if I don't read it through when I set myself to do it."

"You poor child! We will talk about that some other time. Then came the errand for your father; you fretted about that, because you said you were wasting your time. You answered your mother saucily when she inquired whom your letters were written to; you scolded Tom for burning his mittens; you made fun of Nellie's spelling, and set her lips quivering. You spoke impatiently to your mother about setting the dinner-table. You slapped Georgie for hiding the paper you were looking for."

"I am sorry for that," said a voice from under Marion's curls.

"You scolded Nellie for being stupid, until she cried; you frowned over the paper you copied for your father, and did you not make fun of Mrs. Green before she had reached the corner?"

"Oh, dear! tell me about *being*." Marion looked up with penitent eyes. "I will think about being if you will help me."

"God says, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another.'

"'Be ye also patient.'

"'Be ye thankful.'

"'Be not conformed to this world.'

"'Be ye therefore perfect.'

"'Be courteous.'

"'Be not wise in your own conceits.'

"'Be not overcome of evil.'"

Marion listened, making no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that her cheeks were wet.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow, God helping me. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing all that he commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or kind, or forgiving, or gentle, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"Yes, I think it is," returned Marion emphatically.

FINISH your work, then play.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The annual picnic of the Sunday School connected with our society in Essex, was observed on Thursday, July 23 Nearly three hundred parents and children went to a beautiful grove, near Chebacco Pond, and there spent the day in a manner usually practised by basket picnics. A band of music from the village accompanied them, and did their part toward making the occasion a pleaaant one. The day proved to be one of the most beautiful of the season, and nothing occurred to mar in any way the pleasure of the occasion.

VERMONT.

Some of the later observances of Children's Sunday have just come to hand.

—July 5th was observed as Children's Sunday in Marshfield. The church was very neatly and tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers in the form of wreaths, crosses, festoons and mottoes. The Sunday School gave a concert in the afternoon, which was much enjoyed by all present. After a brief address by the pastor on the analogy between flowers and children, four little girls were dedicated by baptism. The services were pleasant and impressive.

—Children's Sunday was observed in Plainfiled, on the afternoon of July 12th. The floral decoration was very fine, giving evidence of the taste and skill of the ladies of the parish. The services were by the Sunday School, and consisted of singing, recitations, and dialogues especially appropriate for the occasion. The audience was large and appreciative. A few words by the pastor on the beauty and fragrance of the flowers as proofs of God's love, and an expression of the wish that another year would find the parents presenting their little ones for dedication to the service of God, closed the exercises of the day.

July 19th was observed as Children's Sunday at West Concord. In the morning the pastor preached a discourse from the words "They brought many children to him that he should bless them. And he took them up in his arms put his hands upon them and blessed them." Mark x. 13, 16. "Ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," Eph. vi. 4., setting forth the significance of the rite of dedication and the duty of parents to consecrate the children. In the afternoon an address to the children from the text, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when they shall say I have no pleasure in them," followed the services of dedication. The singing by the Sunday School added an interesting feature to the services. This being the first time Children's Sunday has been observed at West Concord, only one child was brought forward for consecration.

MAINE.

—Rose Sunday occurred in Calais, on the 19th of July. In that latitude the flowering season is late. The pulpit, platform and table were elaborately and elegantly decorated with flowers. Conspicuous among the profusion of blossoms, were a harp of roses, and a large cross of water lilies. It was one of the finest floral displays ever seen in town. The church was filled with sweet perfume, and the people's hearts with joy. Ten lambs of Christ's fold were baptized. It was a happy day.

—The church at Orono celebrated Children's Sunday June 28, with a sermon to the young and baptismal service, the church being decked in harmony with the occasion. The same evening a concert was held with the rendering of "The Mission of Children." The older members of the school lately gave a dramatic entertainment, and on demand repeated it. Friends of the Orono College have also aided them in musical entertainments. By these means, $200 have been added to the funds of the parish.

—At Oldtown a similar entertainment was recently given, with the beautiful operetta, the "Mission of the Faires."

NEW YORK.

—At Cicero the Sunday School has been in existence for eight years with uniform prosperity. Concerts are frequently given: a floral concert in the early summer was one of the most successful of these occasions. On July 19, Children's Sunday was for the first time observed and thirty children, from infants to ten years of age received baptism. All the services were appropriate and impressive. Although so late in the season the church was profusely decorated with the flowers of field and garden.

—July 12 was the date of Children's Sunday at Newport. The church was decorated with flowers and singing birds and a good proportion of the audience was made up of the children. To them the pastor preached a sermon, instructing both young and old. Three children received baptism.

—Through the work of Rev. D. L. R. Libby, a Sunday School of about sixty scholars was organized at Morristown last month, the first organized in this town.

OHIO.

—At a recent union Sunday School meeting at Cleveland, where ten thousand children were present, the Universalist church was represented by its Sunday School, being the first time it was recognized by the "evangelical" schools of that city. The sight of all these children gathered for this great anniversary, is said to have been a grand one. Children's Sunday was appropriately observed here, and the Sunday School is a prosperous branch of the church.

—The Sunday School at Cuba held their annual picnic at a grove near the town on Saturday, August 1st, and a concert on Sunday evening, August 2d.

INDIANA.

—At Muncie, Rev. T. S. Guthrie is doing good service. The Sunday School has been put in perfect order. The school has added one third to its membership, purchased new singing books, and raised money enough for a new library. Fifty dollars was the result of a strawberry festival in Logansport.

ILLINOIS.

—Many Sunday Schools have a summer vacation while the church continues its regular services. But the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, reverses the order. Although the church is closed through the entire month of August, the Sunday School is kept open as usual. The school is large and prosperous, under an efficient band of officers and teachers.

—The *New Covenant* says, "The full credit of a very entertaining concert given at Murray church, Chicago, on the evening of the 1st inst., is due to two young ladies of the church, Miss Hattie Furlong and Miss Florence Root. They have assumed all the responsibility and done all the work. They were assisted by some of the best musical talent in the city. The net proceeds were $50."

The Power of Faith.

MARK V. 25-34.

After healing the maniac, Jesus again took the ship and passed back to the other side of the sea, to Capernaum. When he had landed there came to him one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name, asking that Jesus would go to his house, where lay at the point of death his little daughter of twelve years old. "Come and lay thy hands on her," he pleaded, "and she will be healed." So had the fame of these wonderful cures spread among the people.

The tender heart of Jesus was touched to hear of this suffering child, and he went at once with Jairus, taking with him still his disciples; while as they went, multitudes of people gathered about and followed them.

Among them was a poor woman, who had for many years a distressing illness with loss of blood. She must have been very weak and miserable, and no physician had been able to cure her, although she had tried many, and had "suffered many things of them." All the time she had grown not better but worse. And she was not only weak in body but timid in mind, and dared scarcely lift her eyes to this new and great Physician whom she believed could cure her. So great was her faith and devotion that she said, "If I but touch his clothes, I shall be whole." Pressing near him in the crowd she touched his garment, with this prayer in her heart, and lo, the power of healing was felt through all her body and she was well

This action of faith had not been unfelt by the Master. Turning in the throng he asked who had touched him; at which the disciples were surprised, since so many were pressing against him on either side. But she who had purposely and in faith touched him knew what he meant and "fearing and trembling" "came and fell down before him and told him all the truth."

Then how tenderly and approvingly does he calm her fears, and assure her that she has been her own best helper and healer. Never the glory to himself. If his wonderful works were of his own direct power and will, he gave the glory to God who had given him the power. If the sufferers had any part in it, to them he gave the credit. "Daughter," he said, "*thy faith* hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

This miracle shows what wonderful power there is just in *believing* in God. How many times we learned that lesson in the history of the Israelites! When they believed that God was with them, they were strong and victorious and happy, when their faith grew weak, they fell into all manner of trouble. It was faith that cured them when the brazen serpent was lifted up on high and they were bidden to look upon it as the symbol of God's power, and live. Filled with faith and love, their hearts were open toward God, and could receive his blessing and healing. God saves his children not by forcing himself upon them, but by making them willing and glad to receive him. If they are already willing, the way of salvation becomes more immediate, and easy. But let us not think by this that God has only one way of salvation. Christ's miracles show that he has many ways of working, each adapted to the case before him. When he would still the tempest he did it by his own direct control, a power with which the elements had nothing to do. When Simon's wife's mother lay sick, he took her by the hand and lifted her up while she was too ill to know the great blessing in store for her. The man sick of palsy moved his compassion through the desire of those that brought him, while he himself was entirely helpless. The poor maniac was healed although he struggled against Jesus and prayed that he might not be healed; since his poor crazed brain made him unfit to judge what was best for himself. The man with the withered hand was healed by direct command of Jesus, while he was indifferent or unconscious that such a good work could be done. Others who expressed a belief that he could help them if he would, had that power applied. While she who came to him in *perfect* faith, that he both could and would cure her, was able to appropriate that power herself, with no conscious effort of his own. Let us not limit the power or the methods of God. "Manifold are thy ways O Lord; in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

But we see by this miracle how we may work with God in our own salvation. Christ healed many who did not ask him; but surely no one who ever came to him came in vain. And he was especially pleased with the prayer of faith. His gentlest words, his richest benedictions are for those who cast themselves upon him in full confidence of his power and love. The power is all of him; but as we may go to a fountain and draw water, so we may by faith take to ourselves the salvation that is always waiting for us. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But this implies that there is something for us to do. We must be "co-workers with God."

His light and easy yoke receive:
Lay hold upon eternal life.

Enigma.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 3, 17, 2, 10, was one of the tribe of Benjamin.
My 6, 1, 5, was one of Jacob's sons.
My 8, 19, 4 is a girl's name.
My 18, 14, 1, is a boy's name.
My 16, 20, 6, 15, 14, is a tree.
My 9, 1, 12, 13, 7, is a girl's name.
My 13, 18, 19, 17, is one of Joseph's brothers.
My whole is a promise.

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